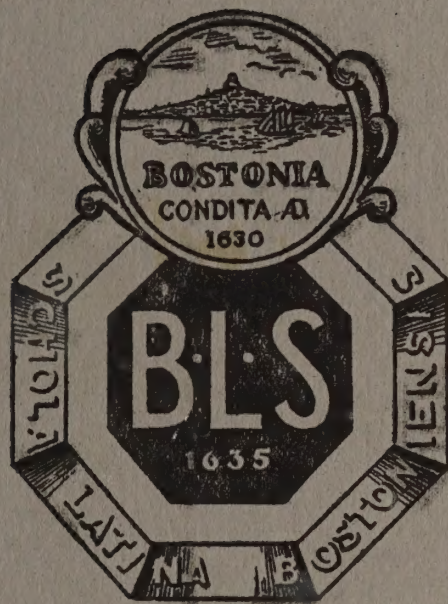


Latin School Register.



October, 1921

Vol. XLI.

No. 1

Advertisements



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A Gateway—Electrical

ONLY a forty-foot gateway bounded by two brick pilasters and ornamental lamps, but it is unlike any other gateway in the entire world.

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General  **Electric**
General Office **Company** Schenectady, N. Y.

Latin School Register

OCTOBER, 1921

The Blue Paradise

By H. H. Blake

Gareth St. Clair shipped his oars in a seaworthy manner and put in the oarlocks. He stepped into the sailing dory, and through a ring in the stern made fast the painter of the skiff. With seamanlike skill and ease he removed the crutch from beneath the main boom, unfurled the sail, hoisted it into place, and made fast the halyards. From under the forward deck he got out the jib and the tiller. The former he hoisted swiftly, securing the halyard and the jib sheets, and the latter he fixed in place. Then he threw off the mooring hook and with the tiller in one hand and the main sheet in the other, he headed the boat out to sea.

Before him stretched the bay, a smooth and sparkling expanse of blue water flecked here and there with a white sail or a tiny spiral of smoke, far off on the horizon. On the shore all was quiet, still held in slumber by the soft breeze and the golden drowsiness of the early morning sunlight. Not a cloud floated in the sky, where the deep and brilliant blue of the bay was reflected.

The boy little realized what a pleasant addition he made to the picture. He reminded one of Sir James Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," with his golden hair, clear white skin, flashed here and there with splashes of color, and his deep brown eyes.

Like Tommy, his fanciful imagination

made many an ordinary thing seem lovely. He had called his sailing dory, "The Blue Paradise" and the little skiff that scudded along in the stern, bore the name "Dream Flower."

He had sailed for almost half an hour when the island called Tide Rock came into view. He could see a white speck near the island which, as he came nearer, turned out to be a yacht. Gareth had never seen such a beautiful craft before.

In fact, there were few if any yachts in existence with such graceful lines and powerful build.

At last he came near enough to read the name across the stern. As he read the word "Dolores," he remembered with a start that his school friend Julian Ramirez had once told him of a yacht belonging to his father, Admiral Ramirez, which was named the "Dolores."

Julian had been his roommate at a boarding school in New York. One year, when the Spanish boy had been ill during the winter, Gareth had given up a camping trip to help him through the examinations. They had become close friends and when Julian left for Spain the next summer, they had promised to write often. Gareth had never heard from his friend again but had read in the paper of the long and fierce revolution that was waging in the district of the Ramirez home. Once a report came that the Admiral and his

whole family had been massacred, but Gareth did not believe it at all.

Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted by the appearance of someone on the deck. For several seconds he stared at the dark-skinned boy on the yacht. Then he was satisfied. It was Julian! The Spanish boy looked for a moment and then gave a cry of delight and ran down the companion-way. Gareth brought the boat up alongside the yacht and narrowly escaped being kissed in the jubilant and enthusiastic welcome of his friend.

Then Gareth pushed off a little way, threw over the anchor of the sailing dory, and returned to the yacht in the skiff.

When he came on deck, Julian introduced him to the beautiful Signora Ramirez, his mother, who greeted Gareth in the most warm and cordial manner. A few minutes later the Admiral appeared and he was no less enthusiastic in greeting Julian's much spoken of American friend. They pressed him to stay to lunch on the yacht and Gareth for the first time in his life, that he could remember, felt at home. His mother and father had died when he was a small boy and he had lived ever since with a cold and unsympathetic aunt.

Then Julian told him that their main purpose in coming over from Spain was to gratify his wish that Gareth should come and live with them. He was the only child, and as far as Gareth was concerned at home, Julian knew that the old aunt would be glad to get rid of her nephew.

Gareth was too surprised to know what to do, at first. Then they agreed that they would all go ashore that evening and consult Gareth's aunt.

After lunch the two boys sat out on the deck and exchanged news of all that had happened since they had parted.

About three o'clock the Admiral suggested that they should go in swimming, as it was very hot. Julian's mother said she would not go in but would watch them from the deck.

A few minutes later Julian proclaimed himself to be the first one who would be in the water, and followed this announcement by a superb dive from the side. With equal grace the two others dived from the high deck in the bow and were soon engaged in every sort of water contest which can be accomplished without other equipment than one's self.

For some time they swam about and dived and floated like so many dolphins. Then Gareth, having reached the side of the yacht first, in a swimming race, went up the companion way.

He was standing at the top watching a last race between Julian and his father, an exhibition of the crawl stroke, when suddenly his eye caught something moving in the water. He caught his breath in horror. A scream broke from the signora. Cutting swiftly through the water was the fin of a shark. It would soon be between the swimmers and the yacht.

For a moment Gareth felt helpless. Turning, he plunged into the dining saloon, dashed out the drawer of the sideboard and snatched from it a long steel carving knife. For a second he hesitated. How little chance there was of keeping the knife from breaking. Then wildly he took a second knife in his hand and with the two rushed out onto the deck and plunged over.

The shark was now within a hundred feet of them, and the Admiral with a quiet voice told Gareth to give him one of the knives. Julian floundered about in terror and the other two braced themselves for a fight to the death.

With horrible precision the shark came straight on although at a slower speed. Gareth, clutching the handle

of the knife with all his might to keep his self-control, followed the example of the older man and moved to one side of the shark's course so that he would come between them.

Suddenly, however, the fin turned and veered straight for Admiral Ramirez. Gareth could see now, beneath the water a long dark slippery body, with the side fins, the cruel little eyes, and the great gleaming teeth.

The Spaniard evidently saw that any attempt of his to escape would be in vain; so he waited until the shark was within a few feet. Then with a lurch he dove, and stabbing the knife into the shark, ripped its throat from end to end. A minute later the wily Spaniard emerged a short distance from where the shark thrashed the water into a bloody foam and writhed about in the death agony. To the excited eyes of the two boys he held aloft the broken knife.

The look of triumph in the Admiral's eyes was turned in a flash to horror. With a cry he tried to fling himself out of the path of a new monster. This second shark, larger and fiercer than the first, had come upon them at a terrific speed. Too swiftly for the Spaniard to escape, it rushed upon him, the great gleaming teeth ripping and tearing his right arm down to the bone.

In a moment Gareth had recovered his surprise, and followed by Julian, to whom he gave his knife, he swam to the Admiral and took the broken knife from his mangled hand. Now the shark had turned and was coming at them again. Like a great torpedo it tore through the water straight at the two boys.

Julian threw himself to one side and with a well-timed blow buried his knife in the left eye of the monster, dragged it out, and the next moment was knocked almost unconscious by a blow from the shark's tail.

Gareth was left alone now to fight the wounded and raging enemy. From Julian's hand he took the good knife and with the broken blade in the other hand he faced the third attack of the monster.

Following the example of the Admiral, he took a deep breath and dove. He struck and missed.

Once more he rose to the surface and again the shark returned to the attack.

This time he dove more carefully and the sharp blade pierced the tough skin of the shark and tore a ragged gash down the whole length of its throat. With the broken blade he slashed and ripped, and finally driving it in, he rose to the surface.

The Admiral and Julian had managed to keep afloat. By this time the cook, the only member of the crew not absent on shore leave, had put off in Gareth's skiff and succeeded in getting his master into it. It was not long before all were safe on deck, and the signora, with skill and practice acquired during three years of war work in a French hospital, attended to their injuries in a manner that rendered them safe until the ship's doctor returned.

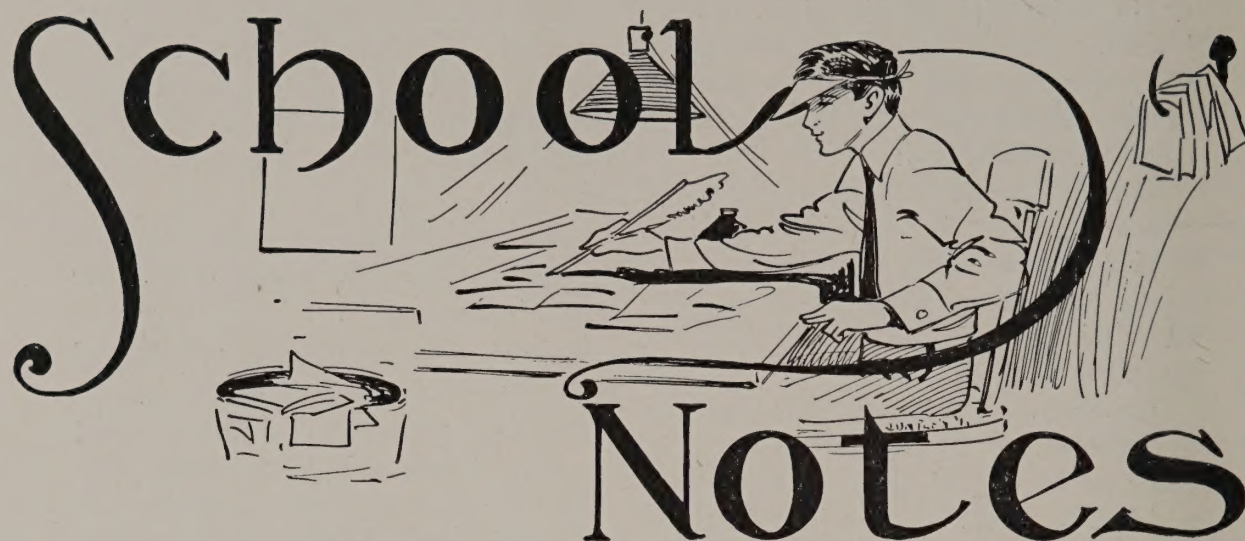
A wireless and telephone message was sent to Gareth's aunt, informing her that he would be on the boat for several days.

When the invalids had recovered sufficiently and the admiral's arm carried in a sling had ceased to pain him severely, they held the intended consultation with Gareth's unattractive relative.

Great was the joy when she more than willingly relinquished all claim to her nephew.

A few days later the "Dolores" turned its bow seaward and they started back, to quote the words of Julian, "to the 'Blue Paradise' on the sunny shores of Spain."

School Notes



School opened Wednesday, September 14, with a larger attendance than ever before. Mr. Campbell announced that for this year we must put up with rather crowded quarters, but that it was hoped to open school next fall in the new building.

* * * *

We consider it a pleasant duty to welcome back the old fellows and to extend a hearty greeting to the new-comers. Within a month they will all have responded to the great spirit of the school and feel a part of her. You need only one thing here: faithful, industrious study.

* * * *

To Mr. Cannel, who has just come to us from Commerce, the school extends a hearty welcome. Somehow the welcome seems hardly necessary, however, for he has the pleasant quality of seeming as though he had long been one of us and an old friend.

* * * *

In like manner, we welcome Mr. Whitcomb, who is taking Mr. Robinson's place temporarily.

* * * *

On Tuesday, September 27, a most

unfortunate accident happened to Mr. O'Brien. In the afternoon, playing quarter-back, he carried the ball down the field and in the following scrimmage his leg was fractured. He was taken to the City Hospital. It is hoped that he will be back in less than a month.

There are few things, if any, which could cause such a serious temporary loss to the school as the absence of Mr. O'Brien. In the class room and on the field he inspires us always with confidence and hope. He is, indeed, the personification of the Latin school spirit of high purpose and unfailing faithfulness to duty.

The School extends to him its hearty sympathies and its sincerest hope for his swift recovery.

* * * *

Don't be afraid to go to the games. Nobody will hurt you. It will do you far more good than the movies, some of which may be described by a famous quotation of one of our teachers: "They look lovely, but they're deadly!"

* * * *

Did it ever occur to you that a school

might be judged by its journal?

If you dislike school and studying, at least you can appreciate a headmaster and a group of teachers whose one aim is to help you through successfully.

* * * *

Cleopatra, Madame Du Barry, and all the other famous vampires of history are put entirely in the shade by the charms of an infamous siren with a very common name—Laziness. At least ninety per cent of the boys who fail to get through Latin School do so as a result of her snares. Continual vigilance and firm purpose are necessary to combat the allurements of this unpleasant dame.

* * * *

"What is so rare as a day in June?" We can't just say, but we do know that when they come, we shall be very glad that we did the work now.

* * * *

In keeping with the increased size of the school, let us try to increase the interest and participation in school activities this year. The *Register*, the athletic teams, the debating club, the orchestra, the glee club, and the other organizations which keep appearing, surely offer fields for the talents of any ordinary boy and for any extraordinary boy, too, for that matter.

* * * *

Let us remind you that the *Register* welcomes any contributions,—encourages them, in fact. If you want to suggest something that would better the paper, send it in. We give every offering a careful consideration, and, if we find it worth while, we print it. Remember, this is your own school paper, put out for you and by you. Progress is the modern order of life. We want to increase the high position the *Register* has in the fields of scholastic literature.

* * * *

We beg to remind you that the *Register* is not of the hot-air variety.

The *Register* regrets to announce the death of Dr. William J. Gallivan, a brother of Congressman Gallivan, an alumnus of the School, class of '84. He was a member of several clubs and medical societies and at one time served on the School Committee.

* * * *

Don't throw food and papers around the lunch room. If that is your custom, we should not like to imagine what your home looks like.

* * * *

ROOM REPORTERS—1921-1922

Room

Hall	James Rowe
1	Gerrit Wiers
2	Robert B. Emerson
2D	Clarence Jacobson
3	Orazco Ei Vaccaro
4	Edward J. Hermann
5	Henry M. Pinkham
6	Maurice H. Leahy
7	Richard H. Nolan
8	Edmond T. O'Brien
9	Joseph G. Hennessey
10	Ralph B. Rogers
11	Eliot M. Bailen
12	Jacob Levy
13	Fred Lash
14	Haskel Naigles
15	James M. Curley, Jr.
16	George B. Rossman
17	Robert B. Egan
18	Sumner W. Elton
19	John J. Hennessy
20	Clifton A. Saunders
21	Laurence Bernstein
22A	Harry Cummings
22B	Francis C. Lyons
23	A. H. Canner
24	C. Thomas Landers
25	Samuel Cikinsky
26	Jas. Carmody
27	John Wales
28	Edward McCauley
29	Meyer Texon
30	M. D. Hirshon

Tracy Island

By H. E. Whiting

CHAPTER 1

It was on a day glorious enough to cheer anyone but the most pessimistic that Zeke trudged down to the dock with a pair of oars on his shoulders, scowling blackly at the whole universe. He kicked viciously at an innocent pebble that lay in his path,—and miscalculated. His toe struck the top of the runway, and he let out a yell that frightened away a gull perched serenely on a buoy. Looking carefully about him to see if anyone had observed his lack of dignity, he limped to a small dory and unfastened the painter. He was in luck. The dock was deserted. He shoved off and headed toward a small boat nearby that swung in a complacent manner at her moorings.

If Zeke could do anything, he could sail that boat. When his family had first left the States four years previous and had come to live in India, he was naturally lonesome. A small coast town like Bainjakra held few white inhabitants, and fewer boys of his own creed and color. To offset this lonesomeness, his father had presented him with a small sailing craft, whose name he had changed to "Miranda II" in memory of the catboat he had left behind him on Cape Cod. Whenever he felt "under the weather," or tired, or lonesome, he went sailing.

Now, in a businesslike way, he pumped out the little water that had leaked in, and, that arduous job done, turned his attention to the sails. Soon the Miranda was daintily picking her way through a maze of boats looking for all the world like a flock of ducks, toward open water. Once outside the harbor, he had practically nothing to do. Save for a few frail fishing boats, he had the

bay to himself. How quiet everything was! Zeke yawned, nodded a couple of times, and fell asleep.

Time passes rapidly on the water. In a little while a breeze can spring up and make old Neptune show his teeth. A peal of thunder woke Zeke with a start. Lightning was playing merrily around a sky already dark with a heavy black mass. The breeze was rapidly freshening into a stiff wind, bowling the Miranda along at a fast clip. After his first surprise, Zeke collected his wits with an effort, and looked about him. Over the starboard side and the stern the ocean heaved its billowy masses as far as he could see; but straight ahead lay a huge tongue of land, covered with a luxurious growth of jungle, that he had never seen before. While deliberating whether he ought to try to retrace his course, (and he was dubious as to what said course had been) or reach the land ahead and wait for the storm to pass, it commenced to rain. Hastily deciding on the latter, Zeke crawled forward and cast his anchor overboard. To his relief, the water was quite deep near the shore, and it was warm as well. Making sure that everything upon the boat was right, he let himself off the Miranda's side into the water, and struck out for the shore.

Behold, then, some fifteen minutes later, a damp and disgusted boy, listening intently in the dripping woods to a desultory firing which seemed to come from the valley on the other side of the hill.

Where there was firing, there were guns; where there were guns, there were men; and where there were men, there was usually something to eat.

And Zeke was hungry. After such reasoning, he concluded that the best thing he could do was to advance, and, on second thought, reconnoitre. The firing was due to one of two things; they were either amateur hunters, or they had disagreed. If it were a fight, he considered, and if he should be shot, he would at least die with his curiosity satisfied. He advanced. Pausing on the brow of the hill, he looked down on the scene beneath him.

Stood a small, ramshackle cabin in a clearing, from which a very occasional shot rang out. At a respectful distance from it, behind trees, lay three men, two whites and a negro, all shooting at the cabin. It was evident, however, that they were only wasting their ammunition. After a while, they carefully drew back out of range for a consultation. Presently one of them whipped a handkerchief out of his pocket and tied it to the muzzle of his gun. Waving it, he walked forward toward the cabin, and called to its occupant.

"We've got an offer to make to you. Sign over the land concession papers to us, and we'll let you go now. Refuse, and we'll starve you into it."

The reply from the cabin was prompt and forceful. "I'll tell you right now, and I don't need any five minutes to do it in either, that there's absolutely nothing doing! Do you hear me? Nothing doing! If you force me to it, I'll eat the concessions before I'll give 'em to you."

Zeke voted one for him. His voice was steady and fairly filled with contempt; his attitude, even if foolhardy, was at least to be admired. Furthermore, the man in the cabin was one against four, which fact immediately brought Zeke's spirit of fair play to the surface. Moreover, the men were not brave enough to fight the man openly; so they were going to starve him.

Zeke's first impulse was to make a bee line for the Miranda and go for help. But where could he go? In what direction was Bainjakra? With no sun to guide him, it would be better to get in communication with the man in the cabin. He commenced to crawl down the slope, taking advantage of every cover that presented itself.

In half an hour he had reached the nearest point to the cabin that hid him from the besiegers. Now it would be easy enough for him to dash across the clearing and enter the cabin unscathed if the door were open. Looking about him, he noticed a heap of ashes and burnt wood. That gave him an idea. It was easy to find a smooth stone, and with a bit of charcoal he managed to write a short message:

"Am in bushes near ash pile. Be ready to let me in. Friend."

Next, he scratched together a handful of pebbles and cautiously tossed them against the cabin window. They made a rattling noise on the wooden shutters. Presently he saw an eye applied to a crack in the shutter. Now was his chance. He motioned for the shutter to be opened a little. A moment later, he had tossed his message through the opening. The shutter was closed again for a minute and then opened. The man within nodded, closed the shutter again and disappeared from the opening. Soon there was a sound of a bolt being drawn back at the door, and it swung open a few inches. Taking a deep breath, Zeke jumped and ran for dear life. He was aware of a shout of surprise and then of the staccato of a volley of shots. Plunging against the door, he tripped headlong into the cabin, heard the door slammed, and the bar drawn.

"Well, son, what can I do for you?"

Zeke rose slowly to his feet and regarded the speaker. He was tall and

powerfully built. His face, although pale and unkempt with a month's growth of beard, was kindly enough: one could see even then the humorous twinkle in his eyes. Zeke liked him immediately.

"To tell the truth, sir," he declared unblushingly, "I'd like something to eat very much."

The man hesitated. "I'm sorry, my boy, but I haven't got a thing. I haven't eaten since yesterday. You see, I'm under siege. Those blamed sneak thieves out there are trying to get the rights to this island away from me."

"Island!" gasped Zeke. "Island did you say?"

"Yes. This is Tracy Island. Seems to stagger you a little. Perhaps you'd like to hear why we're fighting so desperately over land?"

Zeke nodded, not wishing to interrupt him.

"The British government gave the concessions to this island to my father, who took possession of it some forty years back. He liked it just because he was a retiring sort, but he hadn't lived here twelve months before he discovered pearls in the oyster beds along the shore, and became rich over night. He built a wonderful bungalow on the top of the hill and sent for my mother and me. Our island sprang into instant popularity, partly on account of its beauty and novelty, and partly on account of my mother's entertainments. He had guests from everywhere. Among others, we offered our hospitality to an Englishman named Soule, who became interested in Tracy Island to such an extent that he wanted to buy the concessions. Father, of course, refused, in spite of the large sum the man offered, whereupon it was doubled. Refused again, the fellow

went away much disappointed. A few weeks later, while my mother was on a visit, a boat load of drunken natives, led by Soule, landed on the island, burned our home, and forced my father to hide himself and me in one of the caves, concealing the concession papers on me. However, after a search, our retreat was discovered. My father was killed with a poisoned dart from a blow gun, but, not finding the papers on his body, the natives looked no farther, and I remained undiscovered. After the marauders had gone, I was found by our servants and subsequently sent to England.

"In the years that passed, I tried every way to trace Soule, but without success. At last I decided to have it widely advertised that I was returning to Tracy alone, to see about continuing the pearl fisheries. This, I reasoned, would draw Soule on if anything could, for he would come to the conclusion that I had the papers. You see, they were worthless to him unless signed over by the owners, and he would try to force me into this.

"I guessed correctly. Last week I saw a sloop bearing down on Tracy, and I could distinguish Soule on board. But right there I struck a snag. He had help with him. Besides another white man, that I was surprised to see, I noticed a couple of natives. So Soule got the drop on me, instead. I—well, that's all. Here I am."

Zeke was interested. "What do you propose doing, sir?" he asked.

"If I could only get word to the mainland, I would be able to have these fellows caught. But it would have to be done secretly. If they knew anything about it, they'd be off before you could say Jack Robinson."

Zeke's face was a brown study.

"I think I could do it, Mr.—er, Mr.—"

"Bosworth," supplied that gentleman.

"Mr. Bosworth, But you'll have to give me directions how to get back to Bainjahra. You see—" and Zeke told briefly of his odd cruise.

"It was lucky for both of us that you found Tracy," remarked Mr. Bosworth at the end of his recital. "Well, Bainjahra is due north of here. It's about thirty miles. Let's hope that you can carry out that part all right. It's this end that I'm worried about. You can't get back to your boat the way you came. I hope they haven't thought of your boat."

"No," he added, as he looked from his perch near the chimney, "I can just see the three of them."

He had torn out one side of the chimney. Then, above the roof, he had removed enough of the mud plaster that held the stones in the chimney together,

to make a small loophole on every side. Under this he had built a seat reached by a bamboo ladder, from which vantage point he could see without being seen. Occasionally he descended and fired from the sole window of which the cabin boasted. As yet, the periscope-chimney had been undiscovered.

Zeke, however, had risen to the occasion, and proposed that they burrow under the blank side of the hut. Two hours later he was shaking hands with Mr. Bosworth.

"Sure you've got the compass and my note? If you are successful, you won't be sorry you took the risk. The best of luck. Oh! I say, one thing more. You haven't told me your last name."

"Hopkins," replied Zeke.

"Hopkins? Wait, hold on a minute!"

But Zeke was gone.

(To be continued.)



Moonlight

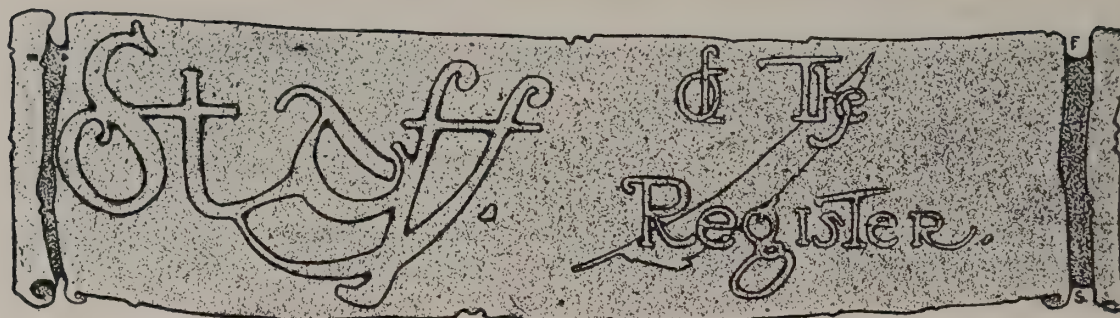
By G. '22

Last night a pale September moon,
Like an angel in the sky,
Wandered through a field of stars,
Chaste in a silver glow.

Her saintliness; her goodliness,
Clothed her in a lovely light,
Such as shed the Holy Ghost
Which blessed this earth below!

Her smile lit up the woods and fields,
(O how lovely they were then!)
And filled the hearts of men with peace—
Obliterating woe!

Filled the hearts of men with peace,
With love, contentment—and with God!
For what can match a moonlit night
Upon this earth below?



VOLUME XLI.

OCTOBER, 1921

NUMBER 1

HERBERT ELMER WHITING.....	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
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Editorials

The Latin School is essentially a school of opportunity. It is the oldest free school in America. For two hundred and eighty-six years it has been the melting pot into which have been drawn the crude ores of young American manhood; the melting-pot in which the baser metals have been separated from the purer, the melting-pot from which have issued the leaders in every field of endeavor.

Let us glance back over her glorious history from the time when the spirit of the school was housed in a poor rambling building on School Street. What names have been associated with her as masters! What names as alumni! Patriots, statesmen, scientists, financiers, soldiers; such men as Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Paine and Hooper!

Were not, we ask, were not the ideals embodied in the Declaration of Independence identical with those of the school? Recall that famous affair on School Street between General Halde- mand and Latin School boys, of which we are so proud. Yet again, look at the list of boys from the old school that fought in the Revolution and the Civil War and in the World War. They were willing to give their very lives for the ideals that were moulded in them by the School.

With such a glorious past, then, need we look with fear to the future? Can we ever forget the responsibility that is ours, the sacred trust which has been handed down to us from times immemorial? But, you say, there is no war going on now in which we can show that Latin School spirit is as alive now

as ever before. True enough, and thank God for it; but there is a way, just the same. There are opportunities all around us.

In the first place, we can show our appreciation for what she has done for us in our attitude towards our teachers. Theirs is no bed of roses. They have given up every career to hand on to us the lighted torch of learning, remembering that in today's child is hidden the soul of the man of tomorrow.

In the next place, go in for some school activity. If you are musically inclined, join the orchestra or the Glee Club. If you like speaking, you have the Debating Club. For other talents, the Chess and Classical Clubs have been organized. Or, if you don't care for

these, go out for athletics. Surely, in a school of a thousand boys, there must be quite a number who can play football or baseball, or tennis, or who can run well.

Lastly, there's the *Register*, for forty-three years one of the most prominent factors in school activities, both as the school mirror and the connecting link of all.

Permit us to quote from one who has said what we want to say in a far better way than we could ever hope to:

"Aesopi ingentem statuam posuere
Attici

Servumque collocarunt aeterna in
basi

Patere honoris scirent ut cuncti viam."

—*Phaedrus*.



Literacy and Civilization

We may rightly congratulate ourselves when we see the advances that civilization has made. How do we measure civilization? Is it not by the education, or literacy, of the world's peoples?

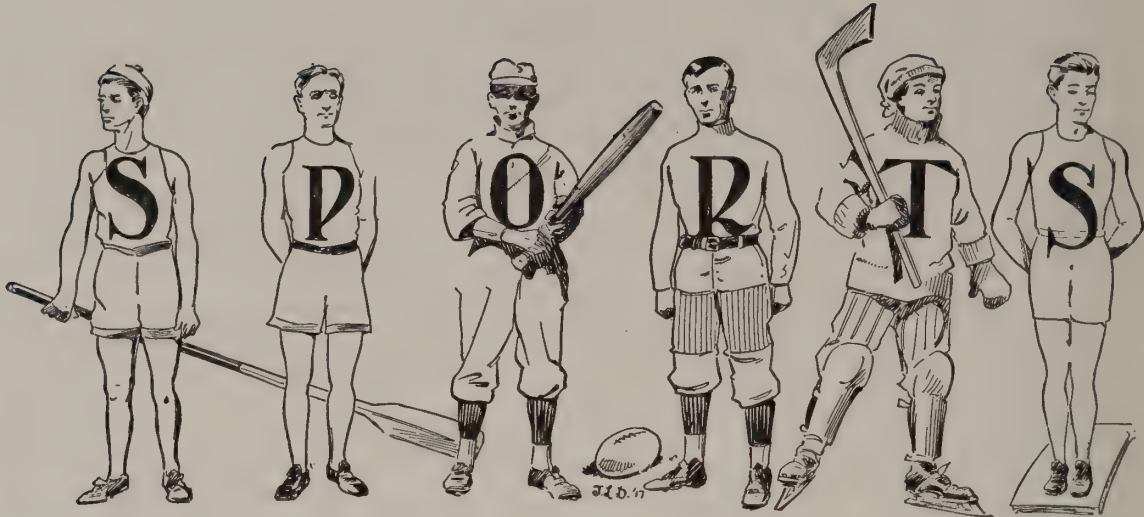
Civilized peoples have always tended toward a democratic form of government. Conversely, we may say that it is one of the fundamental principles of democracy to enlighten its people so that they may play an active part in their government. This, actually, is one of the principles of our own United States, where an efficient public school system moulds, after a fashion, the lives of its people.

Yet the twentieth century has not brought every nation to this advanced state of civilization. We need not look back many years to find Russia autocratic. The Czar, regardless of his ability or character, ruled the masses.

That single man feared the power pent up in the millions, and to prevent their uprising he kept them in a state of absolute illiteracy. When the revolution did come, it was not the downtrodden serfs who supplied the spark. It was the comparatively small number of students and enlightened men who were responsible for the overthrow of one of the most despotic autocracies in the world. The revolution has occurred, and the Czar no longer exists.

What is the significance of all this to us of the Latin School? It means that we of the coming generation must help the advance of education and civilization, and so help make a democratic world. It is for *us* to make better things. From among us of the Latin School may come men who will make the world's history,—who knows?

E. C. M.- '23 (Room 6)



Football

E. Burke, Sporting Editor

Fall has come and has brought with it the opening of the football season. Everywhere the followers of sport are beginning to waken their interest for football while baseball and summer are fast sinking toward the horizon. When we walk about now, we hear almost everyone talking of the prospects of the great college teams. We, too, at Latin School are beginning to wonder what sort of team will represent the school on the gridiron.

On September fifteenth a meeting was held in Room 15 by Mr. O'Brien, our famous peer of High School coaches, the man in whom we put our trust to mould a winning team. One hundred and forty enthusiastic candidates crowded into the room. The sight was pleasing to Mr. O'Brien, and the great difficulty

seemed to lie in being able to secure sufficient material to supply the numerous aspirants. Yet, although this large number reported, it seems that even now there are many who should be out to see what they can do.

The prospects at present are fairly bright, as the entire backfield has returned to school, with the exception of last year's captain, Roger Doherty. Captain MacDermott will be found in his old place, quarterback, where he proved such an excellent general last year. He plays with rare judgement and is a fine man on the defence. He will be nobly assisted in the backfield by Nordberg, of whom little needs to be said to those who saw him run through broken and open fields last year. Crosby and Henry both proved their worth at

offensive and defensive play last year. Collins, the big fellow who played some They are track men who have won last year, is the leading candidate for a many races and should do well this year. tackle position. He should go well this Johnston, who has played such fine year. Norton, a fine oarsman and form-football for the past two years, has er captain of the crew, Sliney and French, returned to school but will be unable to both second team men last year, and play in the first few games. Sullivan are also striving for a berth at

It could not be expected, that, with tackle. Rigby, Camber, and Halloran such a backfield, Latin School should are the leading candidates for guard. have at the first of the season, at least, A struggle for center will be waged by an equally good line. This is not our Rossman, Fitzpatrick, a letter man of luck. The entire line of last year's last year's team, and Burke, all of whom eleven has been lost by graduation or have had experience. for other reasons. Coach O'Brien has Manager Pascoe has arranged a fine a task cut out for him in developing a schedule, the team playing at Groton line worthy of representing the school. and at the Brockton Fair.

THE SCHEDULE

- Oct. 1—Groton School at Groton.
- Oct. 7—Brockton High at Brockton.
- Oct. 12—Mechanic Arts at Braves Field.
- Oct. 21—OPEN.
- Oct. 27—Commerce at Braves Field.
- Nov. 4 —Quincy High at Quincy.
- Nov. 11—Dorchester High at Braves Field.
- Nov. 18—Weymouth High at Weymouth.
- Nov. 24—English High at Braves Field.





THICKER AFTER THEY'VE DINED

First Stude: "I suppose the mosquitoes were thick out where you lived this summer."

Second Stude: "No, long and slim."

* * * *

THE SPORT'S Logic

"I think it's cruel to race the horses that way in this hot weather," said the tender-hearted lady on the race course.

"Race 'em what way, mum?" asked the sport.

"Making them go so fast."

"Why, mum, the faster they go the quicker they get through. It's kindness, that's what it is."

* * * *

Master: "Glad to see you back again, James. You got pretty well burned at the beach."

Jones: "Oh, yes, I had time to burn."

* * * *

The girl who thought Rex Beach was a seashore resort has been matched by

the miss who understood Zane Grey to be the latest color.

* * * *

"I understand Mabel's two silly admirers spend a great deal of money on her."

"Yes; she likes Algy best, though."

"Doesn't Ferdie bring her candy and flowers?"

"Yes, that's why she prefers Algy; he sends his and doesn't come."

* * * *

ONE FAVOR SUFFICIENT

Reggie: "I'm off to Europe next week. Can I do anything faw you ovah there, deah boy?"

Tom Blunt: "No, going's enough, thanks!"

* * * *

"Terence," said Mrs. Mulcahey, who had been dipping into Shakespeare, "this writer says there do be sermons in stones."

"Oi dinnaw about that," replied Terence cautiously, "but many's the toime oi've known a brickbat to hould a foine argymint."

Staylate (at 11.30 P. M.): "My motto is to live and let live."

Mr. Bright (stifling a yawn) "I wish it were to sleep and let sleep."

* * * *

"Is this a strong cigar?"

"It has never yet met its match."

* * * *

A little fellow after his first day at school proudly announced to his mother that he could write, and to prove it made some scrawls on a sheet of paper.

"But what does it mean, dear?" she asked.

"How do I know?" he said. "I haven't learned to read it yet."

* * * *

"On first sight Jack thought Edith a vision."

"And on second sight?"

"His thought underwent revision."

* * * *

DOWN WITH THE ARISTOCRACY!

The mosquito is an aristocrat—some of the best blood in the country runs in its veins.

* * * *

An old French proverb says; "The absent are always in the wrong."

* * * *

A Southern colored woman calls her little boy "Prescription."

"What an odd name," a visitor said to her. "Why in the world do you call him that?"

"Ah calls him dat," was the reply, "becuz ah has such hahd work gettin' him filled."

He: "What's the difference between a society lady from the beach and a tanner?"

She: "Give up."

He: "One hides the tan; the other tans the hide."

* * * *

"We call that new English lodger 'Diogenes'."

"Why so?"

"Because he spends most of the time in the tub."

* * * *

Those of you who went to see the Plymouth Pageant last summer will agree with us when we call the town "Hysteric Plymouth" rather than Historic Plymouth.



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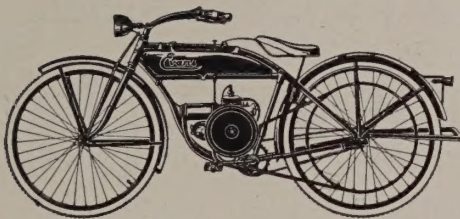
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